

The Prophet

THE weather man says "Snow," and then all people know it will be fine, the sun will shine, and warm up things below. The weather man says "Fair," and people everywhere their slickers don, put gumboots on, and for a rain prepare. The prophet does his best; he seldom takes a rest; all day he scraps with charts and maps from north and south and west. Toils and never tires; he reads expensive wires from Hudson's Bay and far Cathay, and from the British shires. And still his guess is puny; his prophecies are bunk; one time in eight he gets it straight; twice best, perhaps, to burn his maps, and throw his charts away. He ought to study well the groundhog of the dell, which should get, even though he goes in debt; for that will show if we'll have snow, or weather dry or wet. Let him observe the vrens, the wise old cackling hens, the toads and frogs, the barnyard hogs, the bullsnakes in their dens. And then when he foretells the storm that whoops and yells, the storm will come and freeze us numb, and he'll be wearing bells.

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WALT MASON.

A Long Progressive Step

MAYOR KELLY has given his assurance to a committee from the school board, that the city will find at least \$5000 and possibly as much as \$10,000 to appropriate this year toward instituting a complete system of supervised public playgrounds and social centers as recommended by the chamber of commerce in a recent committee report. The school board recently appropriated \$5000 for the purpose, conditioned upon the city supplying the remainder of the necessary funds. This the city, through the mayor, has now promised to do, and the consummation of the entire playground plan is assured.

The promise of the mayor to see that the playground system shall be adequately financed so far as the city itself is concerned, will meet with approval among all classes of the population. The action of the school board in backing up the playground plan with a \$5000 appropriation was highly progressive and popular, and the action of the city is not less so. As a result of the united action of citizens, civic bodies, and authorities, El Paso will soon have a complete system of recreation centers, managed in accord with modern ideas. It will not only be an efficient supplement to the public school system, but will meet the recreation needs of thousands not attending school, including adults.

This movement has already been described by The Herald as the most notable example in El Paso's history of the value of earnest cooperation for progress without regard to ordinary divisional lines of party, faction, sect, race, locality, calling, or social status. In this movement all elements in the community were represented. All discussions were open, all action was unanimous and prompt. All public bodies cooperated actively with the interested private citizens. The result is that for a per capita expenditure of 2c per month, El Paso is to have a modern recreational system in line with the best anywhere.

El Paso has good reason to be proud of her record so far in connection with this movement for better recreation facilities. The most important point is that this movement began right; it dealt first with fundamentals, and those who formulated the plan declined to approve a part-way measure. So when the plan becomes a reality within the next few weeks, it will start as a complete system—not adequate to the need, but furnishing a sound basis for future development.

There happens to be at hand a remarkably interesting address by Dr. C. G. Kerley before the recent international congress of hygiene, in which the speaker outlines so clearly the need for better recreational facilities in cities that The Herald deems it timely to reprint a part of the address here; the speaker bases his argument on the premise that environment, not heredity or birth, determines the nature, direction, and extent of the child's development, and he proceeds:

"I learned in 25 years association with children, that all prefer to be good. The child is by nature happy, impressionable, and irresponsible. In all my entire experience with children I have known just one hopelessly bad boy. We spend millions of dollars for the maintenance of the abnormal, for the care of delinquents, criminals, imbeciles, insane and for politicians. Why not spend a little more on the normal child who is not having the possibilities for proper development; namely, right food, clothing, fresh air and decent association? Our present policy is to let him drift until he becomes a nuisance or a menace and then, having lost a good citizen, we incarcerate and support him for our protection."

"It has been stated that idleness is the mother of mischief. It may be added that the absence of right amusement is the mother of crime. If I were given a million dollars of money and told to spend it to the best of my judgment for the uplift of mankind, I would spend every cent of it, in the cause of humanity and its eternal salvation, through providing entertainment and amusement, and by these means make vigorous bodies and healthy minds."

"The best means of approaching the child is through his demand for amusement, which is inherent in him, and through a further trait, the demand for almost incessant occupation when awake. In order to keep the young from the saloon, something must be supplied that is more attractive and which is not hedged in by sectarianism. The clubhouse, when possible, should have spacious grounds for out-of-door sports, under the direction of play instructors and amusement directors, and these institutions must be maintained by the state and be operative every day in the year. The cities maintain jails, reformatories, sanatoriums, asylums and alcohol farms, and they are operative every day in the year. They do not work only on Sundays or five 3-hour days in the week."

"It is not necessary that entertainment be all absolute play. Various forms of work for both boys and girls may be made most entertaining, and this comes under the heading of 'Occupational amusement.' There are 168 hours in a week, allowing ten hours a day for sleep. We have remaining 58 hours. Allow three hours a week for church and Sunday school service and 25 hours for school work, and we have 30 hours a week unoccupied, and it is these unoccupied hours that must be supervised and provided for nine months in the year. During the three months' vacation practically the entire time is in the child's hands, to follow his own inclinations, and here lies the greatest necessity for supervision."

El Paso's supervised playgrounds will soon become one of the city's greatest prizes. They make for progress, and advertise a city as progressive. They are for home service first, but their influence extends far in time and distance.

It is computed that there may have been 25,000,000 Indians in the three Americas when Christopher landed—a thin scattering of population compared to nowadays, but a good many red men.

According to ship builders, ocean going steamships grow like trees, rather slowly. The Vaterland is 950 feet long, but it will be ten years before a passenger ship 1000 feet long rides the seas, according to ship masters.

Switzerland and the snow are in a dual alliance for neutrality and protection, and since the midwinter storms have filled the mountain passes with snows, the little mountain republic has begun demobilizing her frontier guards and patrols.

These days there is certainly much to be said for the express companies. Their sins of a few years ago, their arrogance, the proud and haughty way in which they accepted a bundle for shipment, the delays they did not mind, the double charges that occurred and were only righted with difficulty, these are all sins of the past. The express company is a reformed character, polite, quick, accurate, careful, anxious for business.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

John Hill and wife have gone to Las Vegas on a visit.

An epidemic of grip is the latest visitation to this city.

J. C. Crane, who has been ill for about 10 days, is about again.

Gordon Granger has returned from an extended pleasure trip to Mexico.

Miss Elsie Marshall, of Houston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. M. Baker.

W. H. Beaman, the mining engineer, is in the Sierra Madre country on business.

E. S. Jenkins, the rate desk man at the C. & H. station, has resigned his position.

Luther Shelby was held up last night while returning home and relieved of his watch.

H. M. Patterson has returned from Midland, where he consumed a large bottle of beer.

Capt. Will Ten Eyck, of the police department, has a handsome electric lamp lantern.

George C. Campbell, the new G. H. claims agent, arrived from San Antonio this morning.

The Sierra Madre brought up from Casas Grandes 24 cars of cattle from the Bear ranch.

H. M. Banks, the new operator at the Santa Fe station, has moved his family to the rooms over the depot.

The birthday party given by the parents of Ike Wolf in honor of his 21st birthday was attended by a large number of invited guests, including rabbi Zislenka.

Bishop Hamilton will pass through the city tomorrow en route to Mexico. While here he will conduct a prayer meeting at the Myrtle avenue Methodist church.

The following is the list of grand jurors, chosen for the January term: R. C. Lightbody, foreman; E. Kohlberg, Alex. Shannon, A. Meisch, J. H. White, E. F. Hammett, W. J. Fewel, J. J. Stewart, E. Moya, W. H. Long, D. M. Payne and Ed Kneasell.

Emmett Crawford Post, G. A. R., met at barracks in K. P. hall Saturday night and installed the newly elected officers. The new officers installed were: O. D. Owen, commander; J. D. Davis, senior vice commander; J. M. Smith, junior vice commander; Dr. W. N. Villa, surgeon; E. R. Lowe, chaplain; E. E. Tusten, adjutant; George McGinnis, quartermaster; W. T. Kitchens, officer of the day; A. J. Cole, officer of the guard; C. H. C. sergeant major; W. H. Shidmore, Q. M. S.; S. H. Richardson, Dr. W. N. Villa, representatives to the national encampment; J. M. Smith and John Sullivan, alternates.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

OLD FATHER FLIVVER RHYMES.
Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
For the bus was all full, but as yet,
When his lawful wife spied her,
She yelled "You filth joy-riders!"
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Tom, Tom, the plumber's son,
Stole a Flivver and away he "rum."
A wheel got loose,
And killed a goose,
Now Tom's in the calaboose.

EL PASO should hold a traffic ordinance education day," said George LeBaron. "The new traffic ordinance has many provisions and the people of the city would be a long time in familiarizing themselves with all of the regulations. I think a good plan would be to hold all the police that can be spared on the day the ordinance becomes effective and station them at the principal street crossings. Civilian volunteers could also be secured for the work. Each of the policemen would familiarize themselves with all the provisions of the ordinance and, this system was maintained a day or two, the public would soon become familiar with the new regulations."

"The Carrancista claims that priests are fighting in the convention forces are without foundation," said Julian Beranza. "Villa has not persecuted the priests, but he has taken a strong stand against those who, under the cover of the church, have plotted against the best interests of the country. The very best class that he would have any dealings with, especially in a military sense, are the priests."

"The cities of the eastern part of the state are pretty quiet," said John E. Quaid, who spent the holidays in Galveston. "Galveston is really in better shape than the interior cities, but none of them seem to be holding up as well as El Paso through this period of depression. In Galveston there is considerable shipping, but cotton is not moving in the same volume as during normal times."

"In spite of the hard times prevailing throughout the United States and in the mining districts surrounding El Paso," said Lou Garner, night captain of the police force, "there have been less than the usual number of vagrants passing through. Of course, El Paso, being on a line of trans-continental travel, is always infested more or less with tramps, and we are not free of them now. But under the general conditions existing throughout the country we would expect a larger number than are now visiting the city."

"Even the children are interested in the war news," said Mrs. Edith Graham Coyne, the librarian. "As much as they like fairy stories at the story hour, they repeatedly ask for stories about soldiers. While the king is a most noticeable effect in altering to a large extent the kind of literature in demand by the borrowers of books at the library. People are turning back to geographies and histories. Those who haven't the desire to read up on history are choosing historical novels rather than the ordinary run of fiction."

"This campaign, if it is to be a success for the County and City Democratic club ticket, must be conducted as a business is conducted and without personalities," said W. B. Ware. "The days of political campaigns in which abuses, personal encounters, charges and counter charges were made have passed and politics has been lifted to a much more dignified plane. This is as it should be for there is no reason why a man who offers himself for public office should be vilified for his efforts. The County and City club has started out to put this sound political principle into practice. The conduct of the affairs of a city or county like El Paso city or county is a big job for a big business man."

"In the Y. W. C. A. gymnasium classes we are trying to fill the need for proper physical exercise for the young women of the city in the same way that the Y. M. C. A. fills this need for the men," said Miss Florence Durkee. "The classes begin the second term this week and in addition to the classes started during the fall term there will be classes for the younger school girls in the afternoon and a class in fencing. No one busily employed in a store or office all day gets the opportunity of the right kind of physical exercise unless some gymnasium work or regular exercise is systematically done."

E-G-Y-P-T

BY GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old Sivas."

Egypt is an African country consisting largely of the right-of-way of the Nile.

If there was no Nile river there would be no Egypt. At least the country would not be distinguishable from the rest of the Sahara desert, which consists of 1,000,000 parts and one part of glass and a trace of water. The Nile arises in the dark thorax of Africa and wanders north 4000 miles into the Mediterranean. Its habits are much like those of the Mississippi river, but much more regular. Each June the Nile rises and overflows the land on either side. It then subsides and behaves itself with unfeeling docility while the Egyptian comes down out of the date palms and house tops and raises a thundering big crop on the mucky bottoms.

If the Mississippi could control its habits it would be justly beloved as the Nile. For 6000 years the Nile has been spoken of by the Egyptians with great affection, while the Arkansas river, who has got up at midnight to escape a rise in the Mississippi which wasn't on the calendar mentions it and the Republican party in the same breath.

Egypt has 400,000 square miles, but only 13,000 of these are worth cultivating. However, this little strip of land, a little larger than Massachusetts, supports 10,000,000 people—though not as well as the paupers in the Massachusetts poor house are supported.

Egypt is chiefly distinguished for its pyramids and its age. Its pyramids are the largest structures ever erected by man, but are out of date and useless, having no ventilation or elevators. They were built 4000 years ago, a time when Egypt was already up to its eyes in the Nile. Six thousand years ago this country was the greatest nation on earth, but it didn't live up to its reputation doing it hurriedly. The king in tombs of granite as large as a Nebraska.

braken mountain, and kept its living taxpayers in mud huts. This caused the said taxpayers to deteriorate so rapidly that for the last 2600 years they have amounted to much. Egypt has run the country of late and



One million parts of sand, one part of flies and a trace of water.

the most interesting thing in it are the nearly preserved remains of its old families who died off before Rome got into swaddling clothes.

A great many nations flourished and grew great in the old days, but the kings always made the mistake of thinking that they were the only inhabitants who needed any support and support in the consequence of and off very inconsiderately, and left said kings in an awkward and ridiculous position. Nothing is more embarrassing than to be a great king without any population among the royal assets.

Their Married Life

Helen Finds That Plenty of Happiness Can Be Had Out of a Rainy Day.

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IT WAS a rainy day, the first in a long time, and Helen looked out disconsolately at the little rivers running swiftly along in the street, and the umbrellas hurrying quickly by Helen had always liked rain if she could be out in it, but to sit in the house doing it hurriedly. The king in tombs of granite as large as a Nebraska.

"Abe Martin"



Home has degenerated until it hasn't much more'n a station—a place where we brush up a little an' snatch a bite 'n' eat an' then we're on our way. Lots o' scalled grouches would like t' be placid if they wuzn' afraid it would only pave th' way t' bein' bored t' death.

put her in the best of humors. Helen came along the hall presently and put her head in at the door. She hesitated before speaking, but Helen had heard her and turned around with a smile.

"Everything's ready, ma'am for you to show me how to make that pudding," she said. "I hurried with my dishes, and the kitchen is all nice and clean now."

Nora had snapped both of the electric lights on, but neither lighted, so she lit the gas jet over the table as Helen had said. The gas jet was convenient for lighting things, but rather precarious for the person who worked under it.

"Be careful of your hair, Mrs. Curtis," Nora advised several times as Helen came too close to the flame, and then both forgot about the light as Helen became absorbed in cutting up the raisins.

"Mr. Curtis loves this pudding," she explained proudly as she beat up the whites of eggs for the top. "I used to have it for him long ago when he used to come to see me before I was married. I mean," Helen smiled a little tenderly as she thought back. What a long time ago it was. What fun they used to have Sunday evenings when Warren would come in for supper. Warren had been a little more like Bob then.

She poured the pudding into a deep dish and carried it to the oven. "You see, Nora, it is very simple; you could make it alone next time. Don't you think so?"

Helen had come back to the table and was cleaning up the scraps. Nora protested. "I can do that, Mrs. Curtis; don't you bother." Helen leaned over to reach for something and Nora gave a little cry of warning. It was too late, however, for the front of Helen's hair had caught and flamed up. It was all over in a second. Helen had caught at the flames with both hands and had put it out before very much harm had been done. The front of her hair was slightly singed, but it didn't show very much. There was a smell of burnt hair in the kitchen and Nora hurried to open the window.

Catching fire to her hair had been the last straw, for Helen had been fighting against the blues all day for a very particular reason. She and Warren had quarreled last night. Only the hundredth quarrel or so that they had had about Winifred.

Helen wondered if Warren had felt any qualms of conscience that day. He had lived in Babylon all of his life. He had never had a real Christmas before, and was looking forward to this one with the greatest interest. He had not even told what he wanted, he seemed so much more interested in hunting for things for the other tables that he did not take time to tell his wishes.

So they lay across the bed on their stomachs and talked. "I hope that we get the things for which we asked," Tommy whispered and pushed at Binkie. "Well if there is a mix up again and you get the things that were intended

Students of the El Paso Schools

SAN JACINTO school pupils have taken an active interest in athletics and the various teams have won a number of trophies by their prowess. These are hung in the upper hall of the school building and are viewed with pride by the school children.

The oldest trophy is a basketball shield that was won in 1910. The San Jacinto team won a shield at the junior track meet in 1911. In 1912 the school won a shield for basketball and also one for the track and field meet of that year. A loving cup was won by the San Jacinto football team in 1913. The pupils of the high fourth grade at the San Jacinto school, taught by Miss Vera Pool, are:

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|-------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| R. A. Brown. | Rosena Davis. | Curtis Reel. |
| Herbert Bernholz. | Florence Helweg. | Thomas Raser. |
| Elisa Cordova. | Arthur Lowe. | William Rosenthal. |
| Mary Ellen Coon. | Myrtle Lowe. | Glenn Starr. |
| Luis Casarez. | Sara Luera. | Aurora Carrell. |
| Billie Clayton. | Emerald O'Toole. | Raymond Williams. |
| William Dixon. | Adele Russell. | George Wanless. |

The names of the pupils in the low fourth grade will appear tomorrow.

Planning For Christmas

BY FLORENCE E. YODER.



for me I will not stand for it this year."

Binkie giggled and then laughed out loud to think of what had happened last Christmas. "I'll keep just what I get," he warned Tom. So they kept on talking and finally got to arguing, and at last it looked very much like there would be a fight.

But Teddy suddenly broke into the conversation, sitting upright, shaking his head. "I never saw or heard anything as awful in all of my life," he said slowly and sharply. "It seems terrible to me to think of you quarreling and fussing and complaining about nothing. I'm glad to be alive and have a home and enough to eat, not to mention a perfectly good mother."

Tom and Binkie hung their heads. They remembered Teddy's sad life and as they thought of all of the good things they had they were ashamed. Then Teddy began again. "Last Christmas," he said right off, while the other kiddies sat very still to hear the story. "I didn't have any Christmas."

He stopped for a moment and then went on to tell them of the December day he had spent cold and freezing crouched up against a deserted porch, in the land with human beings. Mrs. Tabby came to the door and looked in, but when she saw the three kiddies sitting quietly, and heard Teddy softly telling his story, she went away without disturbing them. But she blessed Teddy in her heart, for she knew that his story would help her kiddies to appreciate Christmas and what it meant to them, and that they would be good and happy for having heard it.

The next day proved her right, for there was not another quarrel, and only happiness reigned in the Tabby family.

gone to the door, but no one had come in. "Something for you, Mrs. Curtis," she said, handing in a box. "It was a new-nay boy."

Edith took her box and sat down on the bed to open it. It was a small round box and until she had the outer paper off she could not imagine what it contained. Then she saw that it was a flower box and must have violets inside. She pulled off the lid hurriedly and lifted out the large bouquet, violets and white orchids. "Wow," she said, she put her nose in them and then scrambled around till she found a card. It was from Warren:

"I thought you might feel tired of the rain. Come on down to the office about 5 and we'll go out to dinner."

"Nora," she said, hurrying out into the kitchen for a bowl of water. "Save the pudding for tomorrow; it will keep on ice. I am going out to dinner with Mr. Curtis and Nora, put Winifred to bed at once."

Nora grinned sympathetically as Helen hurried out.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

Dogs Must Eat.
It is not surprising that dogs in Boston eat beans. Dogs cannot eat codfish, because the bones stick in their throats and choke them.

You Can't Divide Nothing.
We discredit the report that there has been a split between the two leading Mexican generals. There is nothing left to split.

How Much Does Nehemsha Owe?
"The nation owes the state of New Jersey a big debt for giving it Woodrow Wilson."—William J. Bryan.

The Last Battle.
When a prize fighter is beaten by every other prize fighter he can always go home and beat his wife—and usually does.

Enough for Some People.
The woman who was poisoned by eating Pullman car food can, according to a judicial decision, recover only the price of the meal. Still, the price of a Pullman car meal, these days, is considerable money.

We Thought Kansas Was Dry.
One thousand college boys in Topeka organized to fight rum—News item. Has William Allen White been deceiving us, or don't the dry laws apply to college towns?

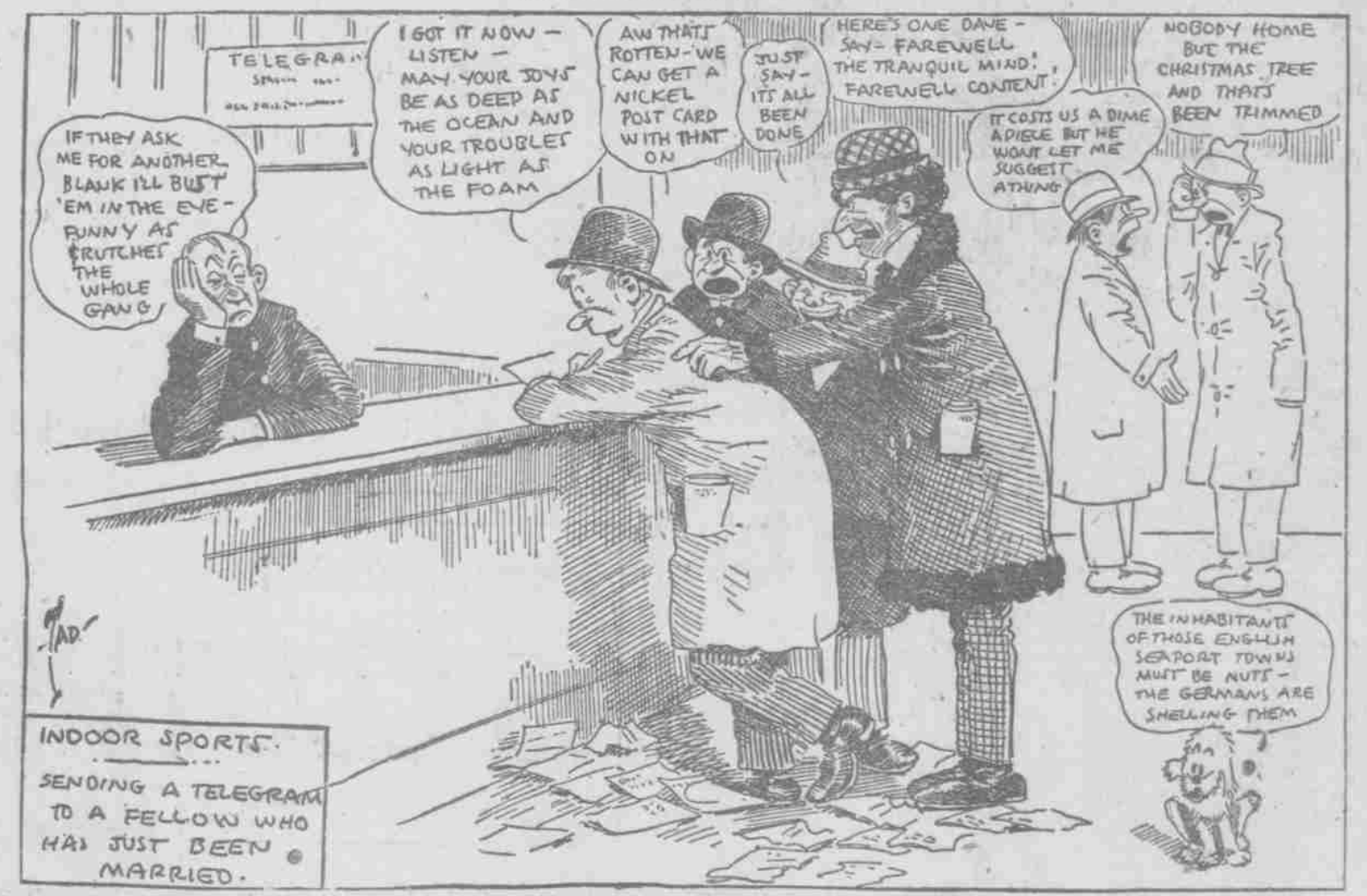
Disunited.
Since Mr. Taft has told us that one can't be profane and play good golf, we understand Uncle Joe Cannon's antipathy to the game.

Extreme Cruelty.
The president made ambassador Page carry that nasty message to Sir Edward Grey. He might just as well have given secretary Bryan a million dollars to give to somebody else.

INDOOR SPORTS

SENDING CONGRATULATIONS TO A BRIDEGROOM

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INDOOR SPORTS.
SENDING A TELEGRAM TO A FELLOW WHO HAS JUST BEEN MARRIED.

I GOT IT NOW—LISTEN—MAN, YOUR JOYS BE AS DEEP AS THE OCEAN AND YOUR TROUBLES AS LIGHT AS THE FOAM.

AW, THAT! ROTTEN—WE CAN GET A NICKEL POST CARD WITH THAT ON.

HERE'S ONE DAVE—SAY—FAREWELL, THE TRANQUIL MIND! FAREWELL, CONTENT.

NOBODY HOME BUT THE CHRISTMAS TREE AND THAT'S BEEN TRIMMED.

IF THEY ASK ME FOR ANOTHER, BLANK IT OUT! I'VE GOT 'EM IN THE EYE—RUNNY AS BUTTER THE WHOLE GANG.

TELEGRAM

INDOOR SPORTS.

SENDING A TELEGRAM TO A FELLOW WHO HAS JUST BEEN MARRIED.